

smiled and took up her work again. When at last her employer returned she was as demure and tranquil as he had always known her to be.

James Martyn was not very old for a millionaire. In fact, he was barely 40, though his serious demeanor gave him the appearance of an older man. He had sometimes wondered whether his interest in his secretary was purely altruistic. He had introduced her to his mother, and Miss Summers was a frequent guest at the beautiful house on Connecticut avenue which he had built for her. It was said that the seriousness of his outlook upon life was the reason why he had never married. He had never found a woman with the qualities of soul he craved.

Miss Summers had been invited to his mother's house that night. Long ago James Martyn had told the gentle old lady of her criminal past. And to his amazement his mother, who had always disapproved of his sociological experiment, did not turn a hair.

"You see, James," she had said, "a sweet girl like that must necessarily have been the victim of circumstances."

But James Martyn had wondered what his mother would say when he told her that he intended to ask Edna Summers to become his wife.

For he had been growing increasingly conscious that she was the one woman in the world for him. She had entered into all his plans with such alacrity, her sympathy and charity were overruling for the poor social victims whom he was redeeming. And he knew that the girl was by no means indifferent to him.

And so he asked her that evening on the way home. Edna, startled and yet flattered, faltered. She could not reply.

"Will you take time to think it over?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered, timidly. That was all. But it was an embarrassing evening. However, the em-

barrassment was nothing to that of the next morning, when the Sunday papers were opened.

For accounts of the visit of the committee filled the front pages. His petty secretary, as Miss Edna was openly labeled, was called "the worst woman in Boston." Her photograph was displayed in proximity with James Martyn's.

Miss Summers was not yet down. Hastily mother and son scanned the dreadful displays.

"One of those confounded sociologists must have been a reporter!" growled the millionaire. "I am so sorry for the girl, mother, and more for you."

"Why for me, James?" inquired the old lady quietly.

Rich man that he was and dictator in his office, James Martyn felt like a small boy before the glance of those mild blue eyes.

"Because I mean to ask her to be my wife," he answered. "In fact I have asked her already, and she is to let me know shortly."

"If she accepts you, James, it will be the best thing that could happen to you," answered the old lady.

"Mother! You aren't ashamed of her?"

"Not a bit. It will make a man of you, James," she returned peremptorily. And her look was so suave and piercing that the millionaire was utterly at a loss.

They hid the papers and a dreary day followed. Too embarrassed to speak much to Miss Edna, James Martyn skulked like a schoolboy in his library until late in the afternoon. Once, emerging, he saw Miss Summers poring over a newspaper which she had purchased that morning. She knew, then.

He went up to her. "I am so sorry," he said.

"Never mind, Mr. Martyn," answered the girl.

"But I never dreamed that the facts would get into the newspapers," he went on remorsefully. "I—"